

# Dead Prez Lyrics

## "Turn Off The Radio"

Woohooohooohooohoo...

Crank up yo' speakers!

*[Stic.]*

To all my (niggaz)

Every hustlin (nigga)

Strugglin (niggaz)

Revolutionary (niggaz)

Gang-bangin (niggaz)

Chain-gangin (niggaz)

Tune yo' frequency...

I refuse to be a stereotype in ya box

Never wanna try to be somethin I'm not

I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it

Stay blowin on green, if you got it, twist it on up

DP's givin a fuck - R.B.G.'d up in some gangsta chucks

Throw ya fist up homie if ya know what's up

All my comrades puttin in soldier work

We rollin dirty wit it, fully dedicated

So real that the radio'll never play it

But that's cool, the enemy supposed to hate it

Freedom ain't gon' come til we regulate 'em

That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video

Really though, we really got beef with the po-po (woop-woop)

Never know when they gon' put you in a chokehold

This is for you new niggaz, holdin for the radio

*[Chorus]*

Turn off the radio!

Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)

Turn off the radio!

Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)

Turn off the radio!

Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)

Turn off the radio!

*[phone rings]*

*[M-1]* People's Radio

*[Stic.]* Yo hang up, that's the police

*[M-1]*

What's on the radio, propoganda, mind control

And turnin it on is like puttin on a blindfold

Cuz when you bringin the real you don't get ro-tation

Unless you take over the station

And yeah I know it's part of they plans

To make us think it's all about party and dancin  
And yo it might sound good when you spittin your rap  
    But in reality, don't nobody live like that  
    You wanna know what kinda nigga I am?  
Lemme tell you 'bout the nigga I'm not - I don't fuck with the cops  
    Platinum don't mean that it gotta be hot  
    I ain't gotta love it, even if they play it a lot  
    You can hear it when you walk the streets  
How many people they reach, how they use music to teach  
    A "radio program" ain't a figure of speech  
Don't sleep, cuz you could be a radio freak (freak-freak y'all)

*[Chorus]*  
Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
    Turn off the radio!  
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)  
    Turn off the radio!

*[Stic.]* People's Radio, you on the air  
*[caller]* I got a phat chain, I got a phat whip  
    *[caller]* I got a... \*hang-up\*  
*[Stic.]* Nigga get off that bullshit!

*[high-pitched voice]*  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter

*[Stic. x2]*  
Freak-freak y'all, to the beat y'all  
DP's dawg, we got the heat dawg  
    People's Radio, on ya stereo  
    For the ghettos, and the varrio

*[high-pitched voice]*  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter  
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters  
    Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people